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Title: The House of Idewild

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## The House of Idewild

I am Galdor a plain  
elf-at-arms of the  
House of Idewild, and  
apparently the only one  
of my bretherin with a  
literary bent. We are  
seven brothers-in-arms,  
bound by our devotion to  
the Virtues and by  
embodying their principals  
make life easier on those  
around us. Our house  
was founded by Augrey  
Runeweaver and his  
younger brother Wulf.  
Augrey was oldest son of  
Ragnar Runeweaver, an  
arms man of some  
renown. Yet Augrey did  
not take up the way of  
the sword as his father  
wished, preferring to  
study the Arcane arts.  
His father never approved  
of his son's choice, He  
feared the corruption of  
magic and saw little use  
for spells that though  
deadly had no more range  
than a good bow. Augrey  
left home and the name  
of Runeweaver behind. For  
a time he supported  
himself by tailoring as he  
studied. Though he has  
passed that skill on to  
others he still appreciates  
a fine garment or good  
leather armor.

Wulf followed in  
Ragnar's footsteps,  
becoming all his father  
could have wished for,  
First he studied the bow  
and sword but later gave  
up archery to hone his

skill with a blade. Where Augrey is quiet and studious, Wulf is as rowdy as only a human can be. Easily angered and quick to draw steel he forgives quickly and never holds a grudge. He tells the tale of encountering a ratman archer of some skill, They fired volley after volley with Wulf always receiving the worst of it, Till he crept from battle, healed himself and to use his own words "I betook my halberd and using what cover there was rushed the little bas,,,begger and smote him to the ground. A more satisfying victory I've seldom had since, even against more fearsome and powerful foes." For all his prowess in battle Wulf is one of the most skilled healers I've ever seen. Always quick to bind the wounds of his fellows with a surprisingly gentle hand, After the elder Runeweaver died Wulf sought out his brother and together founded our house. The next person to join us was Scaley Bones, a fellow student of Augrey's, Though the study of magic was never his heart's desire. He was always interested in how things were made. Metal, leather, and cloth are equally formed into the objects of his fertile imagination. Lately wood and jewelry are also under his mastery. Like Wulf he is a great explorer, at home under the earth, on the sea, and in the forests. He often journeys far in search of rare items for his craft work. At home he is always involved in

some noisy or smoke  
generating pursuit, Alas  
for us when he developed  
an interest in cooking!  
Fortunately he is often  
at sea.

The next to join the  
house was my cousin,  
Celebrand. He was among  
the first elvish scouts to  
reenter Sosaria after we  
forced open the rift  
between us caused by the  
shattering of the Gem of  
Immortality. He encountered  
Wulf and the two hit it  
off quickly. They bonded  
over the subject of  
archery and never looked  
back. Celeborn has ever  
been restless and is still  
our scout. Often the  
first into a new land or  
area. He and Scaley both  
share a deep love of  
making though Celebrand  
is only interested in his  
bowcraft, elvish elements  
are creeping into Bone's  
work both from  
Celebrand's influence and  
his own trips to study in  
Heartwood.

I joined next. I had  
just finished my coming  
of age ordeal, I had  
chosen spellweaving like  
my cousin and lay injured  
in the strange land of  
Ilshnar, gravely wounded  
by one of the Exodus  
Minions I had to slay.  
That is how I know of  
Wulf's healing powers, He  
drew me back from the  
brink of death. I practice  
my sword skill in the  
defense of the city of  
Skara Brae. Why I am  
drawn there I do not  
know...perhaps in time I  
will understand.

The next poor  
unfortunate to join our  
growing band of  
adventurers was a  
strange bat-winged  
creature that Celeborn

had discovered on Fire  
Island near the new  
volcano that grew out  
the north end of the  
island. TuTuarog was his  
name. He was drawn to  
us because of Scaley  
Bones. The Gargoyle race  
are mighty crafters and  
possessed of strange  
powers of infusing magic  
to items like swords and  
armor. He too travels to  
obtain the rare  
ingredients for his craft.  
Also he is a mighty  
warrior with strange  
throwing weapons the like  
of which I have never  
seen before. Tutaurog is  
learning the healing arts  
from Wulf.

Of late old Tu' has  
developed a taste for  
music. He taught his  
bladeweaving skills to the  
newcomer to our ranks  
and is researching the  
way musical harmonies  
may be used to influence  
the creatures around us.  
It amazes me how he can  
make the wild monsters  
dance to his tunes. It  
was not long after Tu  
settled in that another  
semi-demon joined us,  
Gothmog a Gargoyle  
soldier-of-fortune, like  
me. Though he seems  
versed in the ways of  
Gargoyle magic and he  
and Augrey are often  
engaged in long  
discussions. He has taken  
over Tu's collection of  
throwing weapons and has  
become as proficient as  
TuTarog ever was. Most  
recently Gothmog has  
been involved in the  
collection of ingredients  
for the cure of his  
people. Now that task is  
drawing to a close since  
a cure has been found.  
With the coronation of a  
new human king, a new

age seems to be coming.  
What lies next remains  
to be seen. We will face  
the future together  
pledged to our mutual  
benefit and that of  
Sosaria's citizens.